

22 red noses lined up on a frozen hockey field last Tuesday and 22 pairs of legs trotted up and down its length until they were severely chapped. From the first bully on, it was anybody's game, for the Sigma's, in their "red pinnies", and the Mu's pushed the ball everywhere except into the goal. A small, benumbed and brave cheering section yelled vociferously until their tonsils collapsed from the strain, even though the game ended in a C-C tie. Then in a three-minute extra period, with but one minute to play, Lib Parham, a Sigma, broke through to make a goal and win the game for the Sigma's 1-0.

We took time off between fire drills Sunday to have a honest-to-goodness fire when the leaves (though not all of them!) went up in flames. If Miss Tash had not used some well-remembered Girl Scout tactics immediately, we might all be living in pup tents pitched here and there on the campus. Burr-r-r-r. Wouldn't the hall teachers have had fun?

Now that Christmas is just around the corner, all the girls have decided to let the past be bygones if the boys will just remember the present, in a big way!

Miss Tash solved the problem of how Saint Mary's girls shall spend their leisure time in the future when she suggested that we get a Badminton set. When this equipment will come we don't know, but we are all anticipation and the faculty doesn't seem to be far behind us. And for those who are not interested in any other sport, there will be a Hiking Club. Of course we could hike down town when we go, but we prefer to pick our time, place, and companions when we get the urge to commune with nature. You know, verses and a bottle underneath the bough and all that sort of rot.

It did us no end of good to see Betty Gaither well again and back at school last week for a visit.

Mr. Joe Kloman's visit to his parents last week was quite a treat to us, for visitors are few and far between, especially such a nice one. Do come again, Mr. Kloman.

To The Honorable Mr. Santa Claus
North Pole, Wherever That May Be
Santie dear:

We, the little gals of Saint Mary's Episcopal Institution For Females Exclusively, wish to tell you what we want most for Christmas. There isn't a nicer present in the world than a fraternity pin--you know, Santie, the sweetheart kind. Lots and lots of years ago we asked for curly-headed dolls; later for our first pair of stockings; and later still for our first lipsticks. You'll have to admit that we have done pretty well with these and other gifts you have passed our way. Therefore, we are now asking you for this pin (though you know it's not our first!) and since you read minds well we won't say which ones. Honest, Santie, you've got to see that we get it 'cause on account of we've done all we can (which we think is pretty good) and (whisper) the outlook on life is still kind of futile. Just pin it on our pillows and we'll do the rest.

Thanks a lot, Santie darling; we still think you're faithful even though we kinda suspect other people aren't.

Red-cyedly yours,
Saint Mary's Gals (so far!)

The Latin Classes are offering a reward of one year's subscription to the Grapevine to the first person to decipher the following inscription found on what appears to be a tombstone:

O
T O T I
E M U L
E S T O

Remember that game, "Button, Button, who's got the button?" Well, it's still being played--every Saturday night, only the study hall bell is being used instead. Figure that one out!

An orchid to (Mr. Tucker and the Little Store for the Life Savers.
(Mrs. Marriott for that marvelously different and delicious dinner last Sunday.

With Thanksgiving and all its fun memorably over and everybody back at work, Christmas is just in the offing. So accurately are the days until the morning of the 19th being counted that an ambitious cub reporter just informed us that there are only 418 hours until then. But worse luck, just double that and add by no means a million, and you'll know when we'll be right back here!